

BEES DEFEY A RAILROAD.

They Put a Force of Andrew Carnegie's Workmen to Flight and Stop Construction.

The busy bee has improved his shining hours down in Pennsylvania by making a successful fight against a railroad corporation.

It was thought that the catalogue of obstacles to throw in the path of the railroad that was trying to get the right of way where it was not wanted had been exhausted. The bee colony owned by George Reiber, a farmer, near Butler, Pa., demonstrated, however, that the hand of man is not always as cunning as the instinct which Nature gives her creatures.

For a long time the Butler and Pittsburgh Railroad officials cast covetous eyes on the Reiber bee field. They wanted their road to go through it. Mr. Reiber was obdurate. He could neither be cajoled nor bought. The land was his, he said, and he would not give it up unless he had to.

There is a remedy in the railroad's hands for such cases as this. The law has said that on the question of right of way the railroad, rather than truth, shall prevail. So the officials told Mr. Reiber that if he would sell, well and good. If he refused they would go through his field anyhow.

They were rebuffed and scoffed at, and the bee colony was invoked. Presently its machinery was set in motion, and an order of the court turned out, forbidding Mr. Reiber under pain of various penalties to interfere with the building of the road through his bee field.

The railroad officials were jubilant, and prepared to construct without delay. They did not, however, include the bees in their calculations, but the railroad workmen speedily discovered that this was necessary.

Then the officials told Mr. Reiber to remove his bees, but he was as obstinate regarding this as he had been about the right of way. He told the railroad people that if they wanted to buy the bees he would sell them. As for moving them, not he. He would see them in the region made famous by Dante first.

Meanwhile, railroad building in the bee field had come to a complete standstill. The workmen tried to begin the bees would file a stinging suit, and that did not admit of question. The railroad was sustained in every lawsuit though it was in the end.

Use to Mr. Reiber's proposal to accompany manœuvre. Finally they refused. Then they came to the bee field.

was on. Given, but his expression was altogether another matter. Andrew Carnegie owns the railroad, and it is his boast that his orders are always carried out, no matter what they may be. This time, however, his representatives reckoned without their host. The bees were much smaller than the Homestead men, but they were just as good fighters.

Every time the workmen would assault the houses of the indomitable insects the inmates would make a sortie and rout the enemy in short order. It was a break ranks, every man for himself, and let the bees take care of the hindmost. They always did, and when the hindmost got where he could take an inventory of himself he seemed to have more bolts than ever John thought about.

Raid after raid was made on the winged inhabitants of the two-acre lot, but to no purpose, unless it was to demonstrate how violently bees can sting in the defense of their homes. The picture these attacks presented was for all the world like the illustrations that periodically appear of the bear who tried to rob the honey bees.

The bees swarmed about the invaders. They stung their cheeks, ears, noses—every part, and some parts that were not exposed. What was more, they chased their foes, and all the waving and laying on of hands that a score of men could accomplish was utterly without effect.

A consultation of war was held, and as a result a humble appeal was made to Mr. Reiber to help the railroad out. He said he would help them out of his lot. That was all he would do. If they didn't like the society of his bees they might keep away from them. They had seemed to be looking for trouble, and in his humble opinion they had found it. In fact, Mr. Reiber feared at the railroad, looked over the fence at the right end of the lot, and shouted unkind comments regarding the racing ability of the railroad's hired men.

Reason, money, force, everything was tried, but the bees continued to hold their own. They are holding it yet, and the Butler & Pittsburgh Railroad at present ends at George Reiber's bee lot.

What Mr. Carnegie will do no one knows. He found it comparatively easy to stamp out labor troubles, but bees are different. If the iron purveyor's new freight line to the great lakes isn't completed this Fall it will be conclusive proof that the bee is mightier than the magnate.

HYGEN HOSPITALS.

tem or the Zulu Leads to a Principle in Surgery.

the use of oxygen in therapeutically widening. There are institutions for the treatment of this life-giving element we breathe in London, and New York. Physicians would be investigating cures effected through this

at of wounds and sores by the latest. Dr. George Enfield, army surgeon, who is the head of the London Hospital, has in the Enfield-Turkey and the Zulu wars, made a special study of the effects of pure air upon gunshot and infected wounds.

He noted that when a Zulu was wounded a comrade as soon as possible carried him to the hilltop, where the wound was exposed to the air, and given no further treatment than to constantly wash it with cold water. Under this system cures were effected in a miraculously short time.

BLOWN UP LIKE A BALLOON.

The Strange Thing that Happened to Young Sarles, of Rutgers College, When He Sniffed a Jar of Gas.



How Young Mr. Sarles Look-
ed When Inflated with
Hydrogen Gas.

There's a new peril that threatens the student who patters over the manufacture of gas, and Edward Sarles, of the class of '99, at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., knows just what it is. He is inflated by his discovery to a size much larger than nature intended.

Young Sarles was working in the chemical laboratory of the college, trying to make hydrogen gas out of sulphuric acid and zinc. He had manufactured quite a little gas, when he began to have rather queer sensations. His forehead felt as if something were wrong with him, and he felt queerly in general. Still he thought nothing of it in particular, until a fellow student told him that he was swelling up, that blotches were coming out on his face, just as if he had the hives.

Sarles began to be alarmed when he found what was happening to him, and that he was growing stout in an unexpected and far from pleasing manner.

He started for the residence of Dr. Williamson, who lives on Bayard street, about five blocks from the college. He kept growing uncomfortable all the way to the physician's residence, and by the time he got there his face and neck were purple. He bore the appearance of having been severely choked, and he felt as if a giant hand had clutched his windpipe. Strange pains darted through his limbs, but he wasn't nearly as ill as he was frightened. To the doctor the case did not seem a serious one, and, after giving the young man some medicine, he sent him back to the college.

Sarles started on his journey back, a much larger boy than when he had left the college. He is a slight lad, under ordinary circumstances, and when, owing to the gas, or whatever he had inhaled, he began to increase in size, he had plenty of room to grow. The uniforms that are worn at Rutgers are not, however, on the sliding scale as the accompanying illustration demonstrates. There is no room left for any sudden increase of weight, as experience has just proved.

Sarles didn't really know what was the matter with him. He had taken, when working in the laboratory, a jar from un-

These facts led to the experiments in oxygen treatment in one of the London hospitals with astounding results, and it has been demonstrated that certain wounds, sores and skin troubles, often of the most revolting and painful kind, are speedily cured when all other remedies have failed. The first effect of oxygen on the wound is to relieve pain.

A small box is fastened to the affected portion of the patient's body, and the oxygen mixture, which is half pure oxygen and half pure air, is introduced into the box from an India rubber box.

It has been also incidentally discovered that the oxygen treatment tends to a luxuriant growth of hair, and cases of premature baldness have yielded to it in a very short time. The value of oxygen in the treatment of wasting diseases has long been admitted, but the application of the principle to surgery is new, and may be classed as one of the great discoveries of the century, if everything be true that is claimed for it.

der the hood where experiments are conducted, and unthinkingly took it to the sink to wash it out. As he did so, he either inhaled the contents of the jar, or the fumes of sulphuric acid. The doctor had told him he didn't know which he had inhaled, and he was by no means certain himself, and therefore he couldn't be sure what the effect would be. Evidently he was on the road to become a human balloon—at least his size indicated that—and just how far he would continue to inflate was a conundrum. He passed through the different stages of inflation, without realizing what had happened in his entirety, but the result was only too apparent.

It is not a pleasant thing to feel yourself growing larger and larger, minute by minute, and not know when you are going to stop growing. Besides, young Sarles wasn't sure he had not made some new but very unpleasant discovery. In addition to the swelling, blotches had broken out all over his body, and there was a very pronounced itching sensation, which couldn't be eased in public.

Nobody on George street realized what was the matter with young Sarles, as they saw him moving painfully along, unless it was his acquaintances, to whom his changed appearance seemed marvellous. He looked as if he had been to a rest cure, or to some place where they guarantee to make your weight increase. If it had not been for the blotches on his face, the change might have been considered an improvement. When you combine with those blotches an expression of painful uncertainty, the result is not as pleasing as might be desired.

After a while Sarles reached the college, a larger but sadder boy. He was the sensation of the hour, and the students all discussed the chemical phenomenon. The debate on what had really happened to him to cause so strange an affliction proved very interesting, and finally resulted in the belief advanced by the professor of chemistry, C. L. Speyer, that it could not have been hydrogen gas.

If it wasn't hydrogen gas, however, what was it? Will sulphuric acid inflate the human body and make a balloon of it? These were the questions that were asked, but not answered definitely. It is a problem in chemistry that even the learned professors cannot solve. Perhaps it will not be until somebody permits himself to be blown up in the interests of science that the problem will be elucidated.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the day of inflation young Sarles was delighted to find himself undergoing the reduction process. Little by little the swelling went down. By one by one the blotches disappeared. By the time 6 o'clock arrived the young man was able to take the train for his home at Stelton. He is a son of the Rev. John W. Sarles, the well-known Baptist minister, who resides at Stelton.

The young man was inclined to make light of his condition when questioned regarding it, and said that he had experienced no ill effects whatever. "I didn't realize," he said, "that there was anything really the matter with me that day, until one of the boys, who was working in the

SUICIDE IN A DREAM.

Thought He Was Cutting His Throat—Awoke and Found That He Really Was.

Do you dream when you sleep? If you do there is no absolute certainty that you will not awake some night to find yourself committing suicide.

The thing has been done. The recent records of the North London Police Court have chronicled a case which probably cannot be duplicated in any police court record in the world.

There is a man named William Uman, twenty-five years old, a packing-case maker, of Florence Road, Hornsey. William had been drinking and went home to sleep off the effects of his potations. In the middle of the night his father was awakened by a cry:

laboratory, called my attention to the fact that I looked queer, and that my appearance seemed to be changing. I knew I felt odd, but I supposed it was just some chemical that had affected me for a moment, and didn't give the matter a second thought.

Presently, however, I felt so queer, and the boys said I looked so odd, that I thought I'd better go and see a doctor. So I went to Dr. Williamson. I walked all the way there, but I kept feeling that swelling sensation all the time as I walked, and as if I had hives all over me. My face was swollen particularly, and so were my hands. I became alarmed after a while until I saw the doctor, because I didn't know but I had accidentally inhaled something very poisonous indeed. The doctor, however, gave me some medicine that fixed me up all right, and I felt pretty well when I went back home.

"Oh, no; I don't think it was anything serious. Of course, it was very strange and unpleasant, and I wouldn't care to have it happen again, but I have no reason to believe that I was in the least danger at any time."

Dr. Williamson was very non-committal when questioned concerning the matter, and said he had not considered the case a serious one, though it was peculiar. "It is possible," he said, "for air to get beneath a person's skin and cause inflation to great extent without fatal results. I have seen persons swollen worse than young Sarles, but, of course, not from that cause. What the cause was I am not prepared to say. The college professors claim it could not have been hydrogen gas, and was probably the fumes from sulphuric acid. They may be right; I don't know. I know I gave the boy what I considered the proper medicine, and that it cured him, and that is the extent of my information."

The stories that have circulated through New Brunswick regarding young Sarles's odd experience would form a volume of very interesting tales. Almost every one had his own version of what had happened, but the facts are as stated.

"Father! Father!" The old man rushed into his son's room and found William diligently cutting his throat with a razor.

In court young Uman offered an explanation which was interesting. "I did not intend to commit suicide at all," he said. "I had been drinking very freely, and I suppose it excited my nerves."

"In the midst of my sleep I dreamed that I was cutting my throat. It seemed to me easily. I kept wanting away, however, and by and by I awoke to find that, in fact, I was killing myself as rapidly as possible. A man is not responsible for what he does in his sleep. I had no more intention of taking my own life than Your Honor has, and when I awoke and discovered that I was doing it I called my father to come and stop me."

The Judge said that Uman was the most remarkable man who had ever come before him, and gave him some salutary advice about the evil of the drink habit.

WIT OF THE PLAYHOUSE.

Bright Things In and Out of New York Theatres Heard by Marshall P. Wilder.

One of the principal reasons why I am short is because I am called down so often. The latest instance of this occurred the other evening at a little gathering, where Eli Perkins was a guest. I recited a little poem which a friend gave me, saying it was original. When the party broke up, Eli proved to my satisfaction that he had written the verses several years ago. It was a hard one on me, but then I do not often get such "gold bricks."

It is a fact that brighter and funnier things are said by actors on the stage than when they utter the lines written by some one else. Take Maurice Barrymore, for instance. He was talking to a party of friends about the benefit to be given at the Academy of Music. One said: "Say, Barry, what is the Actors' Order of Friendship?"

"Two beers," replied Barry. At the Lambs' Club the other night Dixey told a new story about Stetson. He has engaged a song and dance man who was fearfully bad. "The artist" was just making his exit, singing the last bars of "Where Are the Friends of My Youth?" when Stetson, who was standing in the wings, said: "Take the rest of the week and find them."

Here are some of the best things heard in and about the theatres last week: George Fuller Golden, at Keith's, tells of the man who was sent in haste for the doctor to attend his mother-in-law. "She's at death's door, doctor," said he, "and I'm afraid you can't pull her through."

John Kernell says he called on a friend, and was treated to the most delicious sausages he ever ate. "I asked him where he got them, and he gave me a pointer."

There are many new jokes in the revised "Evangeline," at the Garden Theatre. Fred Solomon at one stage of the play announces that he will recite a poem composed by himself. Striking an heroic attitude, he declares:

"Mary had a little calf,
So she couldn't put on bloomers."

Another version of the prevalent political joke is heard in the same burlesque. Bigelow, made up as David B. Hill, announces that he must take the 12:44 train to Albany.

Solomon—Why, I thought you were a gold man?
Bigelow—So I am.
Solomon—Then why do you take a 16 to 1 train?

Here's one of Eli Perkins's latest: A party of ladies were discussing the perfect man—what he should be like, his qualities and characteristics. All agreed that the ideal man did not exist. A perfect woman was then discussed, and just as they were about to decide there was no such person a timid looking young woman said: "Well, I know of one woman who was indeed perfect in every detail."

Chorus—Who is she?

"She was my husband's first wife."

Frederic Bond, in "My Friend from India," gives Perkins a pair of trousers, remarking that they are a good fit.

"Good fit for a man of my years," replies Perkins, "but for any other man they would be a convulsion."

Most of Francis Wilson's jokes in "Half a King" pertain to the play. A few of his witty epigrams, however, deserve to be quoted:

"A man can say things in four minutes that he will spend forty years in regretting."

"If people would stop to think before they get married, children would become obsolete."

Sam Reed, who plays Judge Lynch in "See," was asked by a new acquaintance if his name really were Reed.

"Certainly; why do you ask?"

"Well, there are so many actor folks who take facetious names that I thought maybe you did, too."

Dick Golden, at Keith's, says an Irishman once beat ten cents he could eat more oysters than a dealer could open. After swallowing ninety of the bivalves, Pat laid a dime on the counter and said: "Be-dad, you've won. I can't eat any more."

Speaking of oysters reminds me of Dixey's story of the man who entered a country store on a cold day. A group of loungers were huddled about the stove, and the stranger could not get near enough to keep warm. "Got any oysters?" he asked the proprietor, and receiving an affirmative reply said: "Take a dozen on the half shell out to my horse."

All hands crowded to the door to see a horse eat oysters, and the stranger secured the most comfortable seat. The proprietor returned soon and said the horse refused to eat the shell fish. "Well, give 'em to me, then," said the foxy visitor, secure in his resting place.

"Take off your overcoat and hang it up. It's as safe here as in a court," says Emma to John Ray, at Weber & Fields's.

"That's not so safe," replies John. "I lost a suit in court to-day."

All through the first act of "Secret Service," at the Garrick, Monday night, the price tag on a mantel clock hung in full view of the audience. The opening night of "Evangeline" Dixey wore the manufacturer's tag on the back of his Lord Elizabeth man overalls. Little points that seemed funny to the spectators. And speaking of tags recalls the story of the railroad porter who was seen carrying a dog. "Where are you going with the beast?" asked a friend.

"Sure, I don't know, and the dog don't know. The blasted fool ate his tag."

Yours merily,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.
New York City Post Office.

POISONED ARROWS.

Curious Use of the Tetanus Bacilli by Natives of the New Hebrides.

M. Dantec, a French savant, has made an investigation of the poisoned arrows, with which the natives of the New Hebrides, in the Southern Pacific Ocean, render themselves a terror to their enemies. He has discovered that the fatal properties of the arrows are due to the presence in the earth with which they are smeared freely of two deadly germs—a septic vibrio or molecule that produces putrefaction, and the microbe of tetanus, or lockjaw.

The first of these produces death from malignant oedema in twelve or fifteen hours. In cases in which a septic vibrio has lost its virulence, the tetanus bacillus is present proves equally, although less speedily, fatal. The observation of Mr. Dantec also proves the incorrectness of

the former theory that the tetanus bacillus is derived from a horse, since this animal is unknown in the New Hebrides Islands.

HOT WATER FOR SALE.

A London Company Embarks in a New and Novel Enterprise.

A London company, known as the Hot Water Supply Syndicate, has been given a charter for the very latest in the line of penny-in-the-slot machines.

It has been granted permission to erect, experimentally, a number of long columns and fittings for supplying hot water to the public at the rate of a half penny per gallon. The apparatus ingeniously uses the heat given off by the gas burned in the street lamps. The idea is said to have worked satisfactorily in Manchester, and for several years a similar apparatus has been working successfully in households.

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Fine all-wool Ohio Fleece Blankets, per pair..... 3.40
Medicated California Blankets, cream, red and gray..... 2.75
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Here is where we do claim prominence!
Large, elegant Parlor Stoves..... 2.69
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100 Extra Fine Imported Hats; regular price from \$6 to \$10, 5.98
for to-morrow's sale.

100 Doz. Untrimmed Felt Hats, all the new dress shapes, all colors, usual price 65c., for to-morrow's sale..... 44c.

75 Doz. Alpine Hats, all colors, good quality, regular price, 59c., for to-morrow's sale..... 59c.

60 Doz. French Felt Dress Shapes, all colors; regular price, 1.25, for this sale..... 83c.

500 Pcs. Fancy All-Silk Ribbons, worth from 25 to 30c., for to-morrow's sale all at..... 12c.

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